

AUTUMN MONTHS.

BY P. B. WEST.

September, September;

Your riches and your store,
Are CERES, and POMONA's gifts,
Oh! who would ask for more;
Aye, long shall I remember—
The vintage and the hours,
That pleasantly have pass'd away
With blush of summer flowers;
The golden gifts of CERES,
And promised winter store,
Bestowed by fair POMONA,
Oh! who would wish for more.

October, October;

Your fading beauties fly,
Gently let them sink to rest—
They *sleep* but do not die:
The russet leaves of autumn—
The woodland's mottled hue—
Reminder of the changing light
And shadows we pursue;
In spring-time all is glowing,
And bright are summer skies
In autumn plenty flowing,
That surfeits waiting eyes.

November, November;

The saddest, and the last
Of autumn months, will hasten by—
Live only in the past.
The chilling blasts are hurtling near,
The winds are piping loud,
And yielding to their might have sank
O'erspread with snowy shroud—
Buds and blooms, now wither'd
Deep—silent—is the gloom,
But spring again will welcome—
Fresh tendrils from their tomb.
Autumn months! Autumn months!
Once glanced in mellow light,
The green-fringed streams; and birds
now flown
Sip not the waters bright—
Of purling sun-kiss'd rivulets—
Whose echos soft and low,
Have come from their late flow'r crown-
ed-banks,
Where crystal waters flow,
And echo answers in the breeze—
Prepare for winter's sleep,
The fur clad tenants of the wood
Will soon their vigils keep.